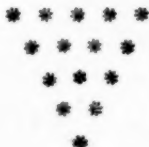


# The Literary Miscellany.

Nº. III.

CONTAINING

1. *The Story of La Roche.*
2. *Ethelgar, a Saxon Story,*
3. *Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.*
4. *The Repentance of Passion.*



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## THE STORY OF LA BOITE

M. de la Boite, a Frenchman, was born in the year 1710, in the town of La Boite, in the province of Normandy. He was a very young man when he was taken to the sea, and he spent his youth in various parts of the world. He was a very brave and adventurous man, and he was very fond of the sea. He was a very good sailor, and he was a very good commander. He was a very good friend to the poor, and he was a very good enemy to the wicked. He was a very good man in every way, and he was a very good example to all of us.

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## THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.



**M**ORE than forty years ago an English Philosopher whose works have been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad; and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favorable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. —'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial; and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter.—Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all;

and it is certain, that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a house-keeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.—Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat; and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth; and above were the joists, not plaistered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. ——— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—'Mademoiselle!' said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned, and shewed one of the finest

faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however; and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the gouvernante; 'if he could possibly be moved any where.'—'If he could be moved to our house,' said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend; and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome; and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little; and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness for which travelling had been prescribed: and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey with his only child the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with

none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in.—Mr. ——— though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His *gouvernante* joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery: for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.—The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.—‘My master’ said the old woman, ‘alas, he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers.’—‘Not a christian!’ exclaimed *Mademoiselle La Roche*; ‘yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for’t; I would he were a Christian!’—‘There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,’ said her father, ‘which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation: hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former; because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation.’—‘But Mr. ———,’ said his daughter, ‘alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies.’—She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindness: she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground; and left the room.—‘I have been thanking God,’ said the good *La Roche*, ‘for my recovery.’ That is right, replied his landlord.—‘I would not wish,’ continued the old man hesitatingly, ‘to think otherwise: did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery,

as a continuation of life, which it may be, is not a real good :—alas ! I may live to wish I had died ; that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. ———'s hand) ;—but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him : it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure ; and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation but with horror.—You say right, my dear sir,' replied the philosopher : but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland ; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road ; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.' *La Roche's* eyes glittered at the proposal ; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father ; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity ; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard to him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings ; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages : for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another ; and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion,

which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle *La Roche*, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of *Berne*, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.—A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house; and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides: below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of *La Roche's* church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of



a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobb'd and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche's* parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,' said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven; and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. 'That is the signal,' said he, 'for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us;—if you chuse rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford some entertainment within.'—'By no means,' answered the philoso-

‘pher ; ‘ I will attend Ma’moiselle at her devotions.’—‘ She is our organist,’ said *La Roche* ; ‘ our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism ; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.’—‘ ‘Tis an additional inducement,’ replied the other ; and they walked into the room together.—At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche* ; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside ; and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. ——— was no musician ; but he was not altogether insensible to music : this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined ; the words were mostly taken from holy writ ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord. ———The organ was touched with a hand less firm,—it paused ; it ceased ;—and the sobbing of Ma’moiselle *La Roche* was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke ; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved ; and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man ; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment, to think why he should not.

*La Roche*’s religion was that of sentiment, not theory ; and his guest was averse from disputation ; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to

questions concerning the belief of either, yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret my friend," said he to Mr.—, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music; you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful.—Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me I feel it in the same way; an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction,——so lifts me above the world.—Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!"—It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sun-shine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious contro-

versy.—Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinged with pedantry, or liable to disputation. With *La Roche* and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favorite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours, too, of riding and walking, were many, in which Mr.——, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions, to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. *La Roche* observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.——‘They are not seen in Flanders!’ said Ma’moiselle, with a sigh. ‘That’s an odd remark,’ said Mr.——, smiling.——She blushed; and he enquired no farther.

’Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at *Geneva*; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies: When the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from *Paris*, where he had then fixed his residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ———'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of *Ma'moiselle La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired; and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man

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hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle *La Roche's* marriage, as her father supposed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen; and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.—After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road; and he found himself at last, in view of the lake which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche's* dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake; and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making enquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them,

with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir!—you never beheld a lovelier. *La Roche*?' exclaimed he in reply—'Alas! it was she indeed?'—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.—He came up closer to Mr. ——. 'I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle *La Roche*.'—'Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where did she die?—Where is her father?—She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe, the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion; and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions;—Follow me, sir; and you shall hear him.'—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. *La Roche* sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased,—*La Roche* sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His

people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not less affected than they.—*La Roche* arose.—  
‘Father of mercies!’ said he, ‘forgive these tears: assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee: to lift to thee the souls of thy people!’—  
‘My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but, in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, “Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.” When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God.—’Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, if I would’ (his tears flowed afresh)—‘I feel too much myself; and I am not ashamed of my feelings: but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

‘You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself.—Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and



happy ;—ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my afflictions now. But I look towards him who struck me : I see the hand of a father amidst the chastening of my God —Oh ! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death ; on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys ; and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict !—For we are not as those who die without hope ; we know that our Redeemer liveth,—that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.—Go then ; mourn not for me ; I have not lost my child ; but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated.—But ye are also my children : Would ye that I should grieve without comfort ?—So live as she lived ; that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.

Such was the exhortation of *La Roche* ; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord ; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope.—M. ——— followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past ; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind ; *La Roche* threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected ; they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open ; *La Roche* started back

at the sight.—‘Oh! my friend!’ said he; and his tears burst forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himself; he stepped forward, and threw the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears; and, taking his friend’s hand, ‘you see my weakness,’ said he; ‘’tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.’—‘I heard you,’ said the other, ‘in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours.’—‘It is, my friend,’ said he; ‘and I trust I shall ever hold it fast:—if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction.’

Mr. ———’s heart was smitten;—and I have heard him, long after confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche*, and wished that he had never doubted.

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## ETHELGAR.

A SAXON STORY.



'T IS not for thee, O man ! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings shine on the rising waves, and the black clouds sit on the brow of the lofty hill ; who then protects the flying deer, swift as a sable cloud, tost by the whistling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood, whilst the lightnings shine on his chest, and the wind rides over his horns ? When the wolf roars, terrible as the voice of the Severn, moving majestic as the nodding forests on the brow of Michel-stow ; who then commands the sheep to follow the swain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning ? Know, O man ! that God suffers not the least member of his work to perish, without answering the purpose of their creation. The evils of life, with some are blessings ; and the plant of death healeth the wound of the sword. Doth the sea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy soul ? look unto the Lord ; thou shalt stand firm in the days of temptation, as the lofty hill of Kinwulf ; in vain shall the waves beat against thee, thy rock shall stand.

Comely as the white rocks, bright as the star  
 of the evening, tall as the oak upon the brow of  
 the mountain, soft as the downiest of down that  
 fall upon the flowers of the field, Ethelgar sought  
 the glory of Exeuntius\*. Noble were his an-  
 cesters, as the palace of the great Kenwick. His  
 soul with the bark, every morning ascended the  
 fairs, and sported in the clouds. When kneeling  
 down the steep mountain, wreathed in a shower of  
 sparkling dew, evening came creeping to the  
 plain; closing the flowers of the day, flinging  
 her pearls of flowers upon the rustling leaves; then  
 was his voice heard in the grove, as the voice of  
 the nightingale upon the hawthorn-spray. He  
 sang the words of the Lord; the hollow peaks  
 joining in his devotion, the stars danced in his  
 soul. The rolling years, in various manner  
 deck, could him none. He saw Egloria of the  
 Vale; his soul was absorbed, as the Egloria  
 who led before the sword of Kenwick. She was  
 tall as the towering elm, stately as a black cloud  
 hurrying into shadow; fair as the moon, he be-  
 all; of the earth; gentle, and sweet, as the morn-  
 ing breeze; beautiful, as the sun; blushing,  
 like the vine of the west; her soul, as fair as the  
 azure curtain of heaven. He saw Egloria;  
 his soft soul melted, as the flying lover before  
 the sun. The ladies of St. Catharine's walked there;  
 the minutes fled on the golden wings of birds.  
 Blue horned moose had decked the sky, when  
 Ethelgar saw the light. He was like a young plant  
 upon the mountain's side, or the sun hid in a  
 cloud: he felt the strength of his feet; and felt  
 as the lightning of heaven, perfect the wild  
 hour of the word. The moon awoke the sun;  
 who stepping from the mountain's brow, shone

his ruddy locks upon the shining dew: Algar  
 awoke from sleep; he seized his sword and spear,  
 and rushed to the chase. As waters swiftly fall-  
 ing down a craggy rock, so raged young Algar  
 through the wood; the wild boar hit his spear,  
 and the fox died at his feet. From the thicket a  
 wolf arose, his eyes flaming like two fires.  
 He roared like the voice of a tempest: hunger  
 made him furious; and he fled, like a falling  
 meteor, to the west. Like a thunderbolt tearing  
 a black flock, Algar darted his spear through the  
 herd. The wolf raged like the voice of many  
 waters; and seizing Algar by the throat, he  
 sought the regions of the wicket!—The wolf cl-  
 ed upon his body—Ethelgar and Egotha wept—  
 they wept like the rain of the spring: Gossow  
 lay upon them as the black clouds upon the mount-  
 ain of death; but the power of God settled  
 their hearts.

The golden sun rose to the height of his pow-  
 er; the eye performed its gaze; and the pale  
 grey delighted the eye. Ethelgar and Egotha  
 went their way to the mountain's side, like two  
 stars that move through the sky. The flowers  
 grew beneath their feet; the trees spread out  
 their leaves; the sun played upon the rolling  
 brook; the winds gently puffed along. Dark,  
 pearly clouds, veiled the face of the sun: the  
 winds moved like the noise of a battle; the swift  
 hail descended to the ground; the lightning  
 broke from the feble clouds, and gilded the dark-  
 brown corners of the sky: the thunder shook the  
 lofty mountains; the tall towers nodded to their  
 foundations; the brading winds divided the whirl-  
 ling wind; the broken towers fed in confusion  
 toward the mountain's side. Ethelgar and Ego-  
 tha sought the sacred shade; the black winds  
 roared over their heads, and the waters ran over

their feet. Swift from the dark cloud the lightning came ; the skies blushed at the sight. Egwina stood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the spring ; the lightnings danced about her garments, and the blasting flame blackened her face. The shades of death swam before her eyes ; and she fell breathless down the black steep rock ; the sea received her body, and she rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar stood terrible as the mountain of Maindip. The waves of despair harrowed up his soul, as the roaring Severn plows the fable sand : wild as the evening wolf, his eyes shone like the red vapours in the valley of the dead ; horror sat upon his brow. Like a bright star shooting through the sky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill ; like a tall oak, breaking from the roaring wind. St. Cuthbert appeared in the air. The black clouds fled from the sky ; the sun gilded the spangled meadows ; the lofty pine stood still ; the violets of the vale gently moved to the soft voice of the wind ; the sun shone on the bubbling brook. The saint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal : as the soft dew of the morning hangs upon the lofty elm, he bore him to the sandy beach, whilst the sea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning folding up the black mantle of the night.—‘ Know, O ‘ man !’ said the member of the blessed, ‘ to ‘ submit to the will of God ! He is terrible, ‘ as the face of the earth, when the waters sunk ‘ to their habitations ; gentle, as the sacred co- ‘ vering of the oak ; secret, as the bottom of ‘ the great deep ; just, as the rays of the morn- ‘ ing. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine ‘ at the stroke of the Almighty ; for God is as

‘just as he is great.’ The holy vision disappeared, as the atoms fly before the sun. Ethelgar arose, and bent his way to the college of Kene-walcin; there he flourishes, as a hoary oak in the wood of Arden.

*Chatterton.*

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.



THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy mantled tow'r,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, [heap,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built  
[shed,



The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly  
[bed.]

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kisses to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy  
[stroke!]

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour :  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault,  
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted  
[vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust.  
Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
No. III. C.

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to extacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless  
breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-  
fin'd:

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture  
deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd  
muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live the wonted fires.

For, thee, who mindful of th' unhonor'd dead  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate

Haply some hoary headed swain may say,  
' Oft' have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
' That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,

- ‘ His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- ‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;  
‘ Now drooping, woeful wan ! like one forlorn,  
‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.
- ‘ One morn I miss’d him on the ‘accustom’d hill,  
‘ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree :  
‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :
- ‘ The next, with dirges due, in sad array  
‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him  
[borne :  
‘ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.’

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THE EPITAPH.



**H**ERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;  
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;  
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;  
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd)  
(a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

*Gray.*

THE  
REPENTANCE OF PASSION.

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[The following Poem, in a distant part of the world, had fact for its foundation. The lovers, they described, parted with the emotions the story gives them. The dialogue only is fanciful : it is the form which the author adopted, as the best manner of conveying it to the public.]

HE

And does my HARRIOT still adhere  
To wear affliction's garb alone ?  
Still does she hold her spoiler dear,  
And prize his peace who broke her own ?  
Still will she strive his pangs to heal,  
Who all her youthful honours tore ;  
And near his pillow constant kneel.  
When ev'ry power to please is o'er ?

SHE.

And does my love, unkind, suppose  
I e'er would leave his lonely bed ;  
Forfake the youth my heart has chose,  
And fly because his health is fled ?  
And will he, sunk in deep despair,  
Believe his HARRIOT loves no more ?

Or think, while she can soothe one care,  
That ev'ry power to please is o'er?

HE.

Ah! cease to prop my woe-worn head!  
Shun the sad wretch thou canst not save;  
Nor hover round that guilty bed,  
Where martyr'd Virtue found its grave:  
Here sunk the glories of thy youth,  
Each blooming honor doom'd to fall,  
Here Treachery triumph'd over Truth,  
And here stern Death shall expiate all.

SHE.

Ah! cease to wound my heart anew!  
Still if thou bend'st at Sorrow's shrine,  
Again thy HARRIOT thou'lt undo,  
For HARRIOT's life is wrapt in thine.  
Had I ten thousand wrongs endur'd,  
And that lov'd cheek one tear let fall,  
That single tear each pang had cur'd—  
—One tender sigh would expiate all.

HE.

O spurn me!—case my heart with steel—  
Give just resentment all its force;  
Nor by such kindness make me feel  
The torture of severe remorse.  
Why in life's early happy day,  
When health and joy gave means to bless,  
Why did I heedless turn away  
From her who lov'd to such excess?

SHE.

Lament no more, my bosom'd friend;  
 Thy error's past, thy cares should cease:  
 Corroding thought awhile suspend,  
 And nurtur'd hope shall beam with peace.  
 Thy kind, thy gentle HARRIOT sues,—  
 Clings round thy arm with fond caresses:  
 Nature will ev'ry fault excuse,  
 And sweetly pardon Love's excess.

HE.

Too tender, too relenting fair!  
 My fault can never be forgot:  
 Unpitied Love would scorn my prayer,  
 And injur'd Nature owns me not.  
 When in the fond ingenuous hour,  
 Thy native tenderness was shewn,  
 How did I meanly sport with power!  
 Betray thy love, and shame my own.

SHE.

Hear me, thou persevering man!  
 Hear what thy HARRIOT firmly swears:—  
 If courted death must be thy plan,  
 Remember, 'twill but prelude hers.  
 Here will she wait thy final doom;—  
 Then, drench'd in tears, and desperate grown,  
 Stretch'd o'er thy corse, in life's first bloom,  
 Forget thy love, and end her own.



HE.

Lend me thy aid to combat fate :—

For thy dear sake I'll strive to live !

Draw near me—help—oh ! 'tis too late—

Take the last kiss I now can give.

Wan is that cheek you oft' have press'd,

And dim those eyes you lov'd so well ;

And the hard pang that rends my breast

My faltering tongue can scarcely tell.

SHE.

Here—on this bosom rest thy head—

Speak—look on me—and breathe once more.

His pulse is still—O heav'n ! he's dead !—

Fate !—do thy worst !—the conflict's o'er !

*Arley.*



